

DR. TALMAGE IN SYRIA.

A SERMON SUGGESTED BY THE LOCALITY AND SEASON.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, was at Beyrout on the 24th of December, and preached to a group of friends on "The Sky Anthem." His text was Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," on which he delivered the following discourse:

At last I have seen the land for which I have longed. It is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of wheat, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unlearned self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scriptures mean when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stable. You have seen the ruins of these large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crooks and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleeces and blessing to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony, as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him was hung on the right of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every sort of privation were filled with excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and of his hard crust of poverty has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty like Christ, were born in a manger.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and the Pharisees who betrayed them, and the rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been rounded and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When Isaac Moses came up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the shepherds to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the greatest preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and Heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and all men of blood. What contempt they must have had for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would appear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been millions of dollars worth of blood shed equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's

gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are idle, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Savior's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war wailing. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and seculchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not run down amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it checks no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as grateful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Sunday games as it plays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ wept that we might laugh. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the about in the midnight sky revealed that would be the glorious ending. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered Heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and his dominion. Dripping from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal engines. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Abah! ah! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with his mighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormy Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall echo back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to men. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on earth than to love a man, and the angels in His worship than an address in his crime. When the angels saw God—the God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in Heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out to the world, the angels in Heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of Heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together? The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God and us. It takes us to God. God in us, and in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, Heaven built on a manger. But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Caesar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would appear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been millions of dollars worth of blood shed equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's

armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arabia and Persopolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cactus. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Alahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all their swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and leader than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, swept as though all the bells of Heaven rang a jubilee. Peace on earth, good will toward men. Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the sword shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renouveau shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundredths of the globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifices, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed. There will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas day bring your good tidings of great joy. Peace for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for all dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Snows hover like petals over the sea. Dark swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you in that great and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight. Dear God, swoop like a vulture from the mountains. Oh, my darling, don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?" The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be Heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms take me to that beautiful land beyond the mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—the mountains, over the high mountains!"

The Prayer Book Dodge.

Traveler, Oh, kind sir, take all, take all, but leave me this, my pocket Bible, a parting gift from my mother when I was a boy.

The Highwayman (as he gathers up a very poor haul)—Keep your prayer book an' begone.

Traveler (ten minutes later)—Well, that was a pretty close shave. If that chump had known that Bible covered \$2,000 in bank notes, he wouldn't have been so quick to let me keep it.—*Town Talk.*

The Line Must Be Drawn.

St. Louis man—I will bet you a new suit the fair will be held in St. Louis.

New York man—Where is the suit to be made?

St. Louis man—In St. Louis, of course.

New York man—I must decline the bet.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

If you want your favors to be remembered, show them to people when they need them. A man with more money than he knows what to do with cares nothing for an extra dollar, but the man who needs a dollar to save his life will never forget the man who gives him the coveted coin.—*Atchison Globe.*

A woman over 100 years old, an incorrigible, who had spent all the Christmases she can remember in prison, has been sent to a year's imprisonment for theft.

The picture of a man was never taken that he did not feel five years afterward that he looked foolish.

AN HISTORIC HOME.

The Old Quincy House at Quincy, Mass., Is Threatened with Destruction.

The announcement that the ancient Quincy house, located in the city of Quincy, is likely to be soon torn down, in order to make way for a modern dwelling at or near its site, will arouse in many New Englanders something more than regret. It seems like a piece of vandalism which the sons of the Puritan forefathers should not consider for a moment. The Quincy house was built in 1635, with extensive improvements, that made it in structure what it is to-day, added in 1685. The testimony of this statement is found in Judge Sewall's diary, and it is corroborated by President Quincy and by his son, the late Edmund Quincy, of Dedham. Another homestead equally old is the ancient Fairbanks farm house in Dedham. There are many other old homes scattered along the North and South shores, which have an interesting history and are carefully preserved in their original style. These earliest New England homes have a character that is distinctive and unique. Most of them are built in the style of the English farmhouse of the time of Milton, with a lean-to roof; but occasionally a house of this kind is built after the original manner of houses of England of two and a half centuries ago. One of these is the celebrated Knox mansion, located at Thomaston, Me., and probably the finest old home of the kind in New England in its day, was ruthlessly torn down by the inhabitants of that town because it interfered with the lumber room of a shipyard! It looks as if in Quincy a similar outrage might be enacted in allowing the most interesting and historical structure in that city, with the exception the Adams house, to be destroyed, for no other reason than that the property can be made to realize more money if it is cut up into house lots. Now that the Quineys and Adamses have practically ceased to give a distinctive character to the town of Quincy, anything within its limits, not excepting even the dead cedar tree that stands on Merrymount and looks now as it did when the first part of the Quincy house was built, that carries us back to the oldest time, is of priceless value; and it is for this reason that this ancient home of a New England gentleman should be faithfully and carefully preserved.

It has only had five occupants as families since it was erected. The original estate on the death of Mr. Quincy, was divided, and the elder branch took the house and occupied it till after the Revolution. It was then sold to Mr. Alleyne, of Barbadoes, who transferred it to Mr. Black, an Irish gentleman. The next owner was Mr. Daniel Greenleaf, the owner of the old feather store in Dock Square. Then Mr. Peter Butler leased the property, and has just given it up after a rental of thirty-five years. To-day, like the Old South Meeting House in this city, it has passed beyond the time when it would be chosen, instead of a modern house, as a place of residence. It belongs to the city of Quincy to save it from demolition and to preserve it religiously as one of the famous homes of the forefathers. It is a genuine object lesson in Puritan history.

Its low-studded rooms, its exposed cross-beams, its ancient staircases, its secret chamber, its quaint hiding places, give it a character more unique than that of the Peppercorn mansion at Kittery or the Wentworth mansion at Newcastle. Close beside it is to be the future park of Quincy, and consistent with the use of such a park is the reservation of this Puritan home for a mansion of New England antiquities, or for any other purpose that will secure its preservation. It is believed that it is not too late to save this house from the vandalism that awaits it.

What would we not give if the house where Governor Bradford lived at Plymouth had been preserved as he left it? Who would not be glad if the home of Governor Winthrop had been preserved? How many historical points are to be found through New England where the preservation of a famous or characteristic building would be prized beyond measure to-day if it had been protected from decay? Our citizens rose to the situation when the destruction of the Old South Meeting House was threatened, and the people saved it. It rests with the people of Quincy whether they shall appropriate a few thousand dollars for the preservation of their most valuable and interesting historical home, or shall allow to be lost through negligence what their children will perpetually blame them for not having preserved.

It is more than a local question. All New England has an interest in the preservation of such a unique and representative home. People from the West and South yearly make pilgrimages to the Atlantic coast to see what relics are left that belong to the earliest settlement of the country, and it is by such fine specimens of the ancient dwelling house as the Quincy mansion afforded that the national traditions are verified with the seeing eye. We cannot afford to lose these relics of an early day. Boston would be reproached by the whole country if it should consent to the destruction of old Christ Church and the Old South Meeting House, and Quincy will be charged with vandalism if it permits the old Quincy mansion to be destroyed.—*Boston Herald.*

The Highest Praise for Stanley Yet.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's landlady in London has been vindicated. When a year ago the great explorer was given up for lost, and even those who were most inclined to be sanguine confessed that there was little ground for hope, she refused to believe that ill had befallen him. "It is impossible," she said, "for Mr. Stanley has not given up his rooms and I am sure that he will return to occupy them." So it was the necessity of coming to his lodgings that was the salvation of Stanley. It is not every landlady who would have so much confidence in her lodgers.—*Irish News.*

Talk about dress as you please, but it is the man employed at the abattoir who wears the killing costumes.—*Boston Courier.*

No, Johnny; tenpin balls are not made in rolling mills.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

SALT "meet"—Sea dogs on a hunt. FRIED oysters are like juries. They go twelve in a box.

It may be that love makes the world go round, but an overdose of whisky will do it more successfully.

Why is a game of ball like a buck-wheel cake? Because its success depends very largely upon the batter.

The Edison girl—She has so much magnetism. "You bet she has. Why, courting with that girl is one long electric spark."

At the minstrels—Mr. Fangle—Well, that's the richest lot of dry jokes I ever heard. Mrs. Fangle—Is that the reason you had to irrigate so often?

AUNT KEZIAH—Well, Kitty, so you're to be married? Kitty—Yes, aunt, Providence permitting; but wouldn't it be awful if that dress shouldn't come?

NEW BOARDER (to his neighbor)—Is this what they call spring chickens here? Old Boarder—Yes; it probably gets its name on account of its elasticity.

"Well, no, he's not what you would call a great liar. He'll tell a dozen little lies every day, though." "Oh, I see, and it would take him twelve days to be guilty of lying."

A SCHOLAR in a suburban school, the other day, on being told by the teacher to always begin dates with a capital letter, asked if he should always begin figs in the same way.

MR. BOODY HOUSE—Was Cherry Street drunk again last night? Mr. Perry St. Clair—No, not exactly; but he borrowed my corkscrew to try and draw a sober breath.

VISITOR in Kentucky—I noticed that you called that man Judge. Is he a United States Judge or a local Judge? Native—A local judge, sah. He was judge at a horse-race last week, sah.

A YOUNG lady sent in a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile," to a newspaper. The editor ventures to express the opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

"Your father was a very energetic man, was he not?" "Very. Why, he enlisted in '61, and it didn't take him more than three weeks to do his fighting, while others were at it four years."

"Do you remember that awfully smart boy you used to have in your office—Johnny Smith?" "O, yes. How did he come out?" "He hasn't come out. He got twenty years in Sing Sing."

PAPA (who has just been made magistrate, addressing his little daughter)—Lily, I can marry people now; did you know that? Lily (anxiously)—But you won't, papa. Don't you think mamma's enough?

PRIVATE BULLION, of the "Elite Guards"—Ah, a uniform is the thing to catch the hearts of the dear creatures! His Valet—Right you are, sir. I was on the pillage forcee myself, wasn't.

"THE EMPRESS of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse," says an article on "Horsemanship for Women." Everybody will be glad to hear that she sits that way alternately and not simultaneously.

"I DON'T see how Mrs. McGay can afford to wear so many tips on her hat. There is a row of them all the way round the brim." "Afford it? I wonder that she hasn't the whole hat made of tips. Her husband is a hotel waiter, you know."

MRS. MUSHROOM—Dear me! There is something out of order in this house again. Mr. Mushroom—What's wrong, my dear? Mrs. Mushroom—The gas meter doesn't work right. I wish you would send for a gastronomer to come and fix it.

THE TALE OF A KISS.

I stole a wee kiss—
I shall never steel another.
In a transport of bliss
I stole a wee kiss;
But the pretty young miss
Had a pretty big brother.
I shall never steel another.
—*Philadelphia Jester.*

Had Got Used to Cheekiness.

"Can I use your telephone a minute?" she asked, as she ran into a neighbor's on Second avenue with a shawl over her head.

"Oh, certainly."

"I am going to give a party next week, and I want to invite a few friends."

"Yes?"

"It is to be a very select party."

"Yes?"

"Only my friends."

"Yes?"

"And, therefore, you—you won't be?"

"Angry if I am not invited, nor won't consider it cheeky if you use my telephone to invite others? Oh, no. Any one who keeps a telephone in the house for use of the neighbors soon gets used to anything. Why, a man came in here the other day and used the line to call my husband up down town and dun him for a bill!—Go ahead and call up the sub-office.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sporting Proposition.

"Looky here, mister," said a tramp, ragged, unkempt and dirty, as he walked up to a couple of traveling men.

"Looky here; is either of you fellows anything much in the sportin' line?" and he grasped his garments over his stomach as he made the inquiry.

"What do you want with a sporting man?"

"Well, is either of you sports? That's what I want to know first."

"My friend, here, sometimes takes a bet, if he can get a good one. But what do you want?"

"I want somebody to get rich bettin' that I can't eat thirty quail in thirty days. And it won't cost him a cent so far as I am concerned—nothin' but the birds."

The Teller Who Wouldn't Tell.

Farmer Oatcake (at bank window)—I say, kin you tell me—

Mr. Cashmore—Go to the next window if you want any information.

Farmer Oatcake—Thunderation! I'd like to know what you've got that sign

"Teller" over yer head for, any way!—*Puck.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.
I don't know as it is a very difficult thing to be a good Injun up in heaven; but I know down here and be a good Injun, is just where the tick spot comes in.

Don't mistake pleasure for happiness; it is entirely a different breed of dogs. There is a grate deal or exquisite pleasure in happiness; but there is a grate deal or pleasure that has no happiness in it.

Experience has the same effect on most folks that age has on a goose—it makes them tuffer.

"Sewing society" are generally places where the wimmen meet to rip and so—up the sabbathood.

A lazy man always works harder than a busy one. The hardest work I know of is to get a man to work. It is harder, few get still and file flesh, than it is to get him up and escape from them.

Young man, when you have a new word Webster's Dictionary new find words big enuff to convey yure meaning, you can make up yure mind that you don't mean much.

Ladling devils are the most dangerous. If I had a mule that wouldn't neither kick nor bite, I should watch him dreful spry till I found out where his malice lay.

When beset with misfortune, we should do as the sailors do in a gale—run before the wind.

Adversity is the fire that tempers the iron of man into steel.

I never had a man cum tew me for advice yet but what I soon discovered that he thought more of his own opinion than he did of mine.

Ednkashun that don't teach a man how to think is like knowing the multiplikashun table forward but not backwards.—*New York Weekly.*

"Fightin' Dat 'Postle Coon."

"You goin' to fight dat St. Paul coon, Jack?" asked a barber of a fancy-looking colored gentleman, as he entered a Hennopin avenue shaving resort, yesterday afternoon.

"Well, I'm goin' to fight dat apostle coon if he's got the san'. What's de stakes? Why, de swiftest-lookin' paah o' pants in dis town; my! but dey is honeys. 'Ef I kin jes' git dat coon to sign dem articles you'll see me up every mawmin' fussin' round."

"Fussin' round!" said an old white-haired barber, looking over his spectacles at the would-be fighter. "Huh! fussin' round. What's dat, anyway, boy?"

"Why, up every mawmin' walkin', runnin' and trainin'."

"Well, if you goin' to hab a scrap wid dat St. Paul bloke you'd better go to trainin'—trainin' dat voice o' yourn to sing new songs, 'cause de coon gits at you, you'll never wake up till you hear ole Gabriel shoutin' to fall in 'fo' de daylight rehearsal. Min' what I tell you, boy, you'll bieve your frens has took you 'gin a hull carload of buzz saws, an' every one a movin', too, ef dat coon ever swipes you one."

When the fighter went out doors, he wore a complexion several shades lighter than usual, and last night he told a friend he believed he had heart disease and couldn't take violent exercise.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Bootblacks Who Ring Up Their Shines.

As the Philadelphian stepped down from the chair and surveyed his well-polished boots with satisfaction, the bootblack rang up the price of the shine on a primitive-looking concern, an imitation of the cash registers that ornament the city's bar and lunch counters.

Philadelphian—What in the world is that?

Bootblack—Dat is de register, boss.

Dat tells how many shines I does.

Questioning brought out the statement that this particular "shiner" was one of several who were working for an employer, and the crude register was an invention of the capitalist to prevent his employees from "knocking down," as the bootblack put it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning.

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment the rest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, or to "pick me up" to give a lift to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folk would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently re-enforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

It Served as a Wheel.

First Cycler—I had a bad accident last summer, while out touring. I was fifty miles from home when I broke the rim of my little wheel, and there was no repairer near.

Second Cycler—How did you get home?